AUBERT GALLION QUE
Lillie Pozer
583-585

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 8. MONTREAL AND NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Deacon Giles's Distillery.

[A North Carolina correspondent of the 'Messenger,' begs to have the following piece republished. It was written over sixty years ago, and is doubtless, already familiar to many of our readers.] The picture is a historical curiosity.

(Written by Rev. Geo. B. Cheever, Feb. 1835)

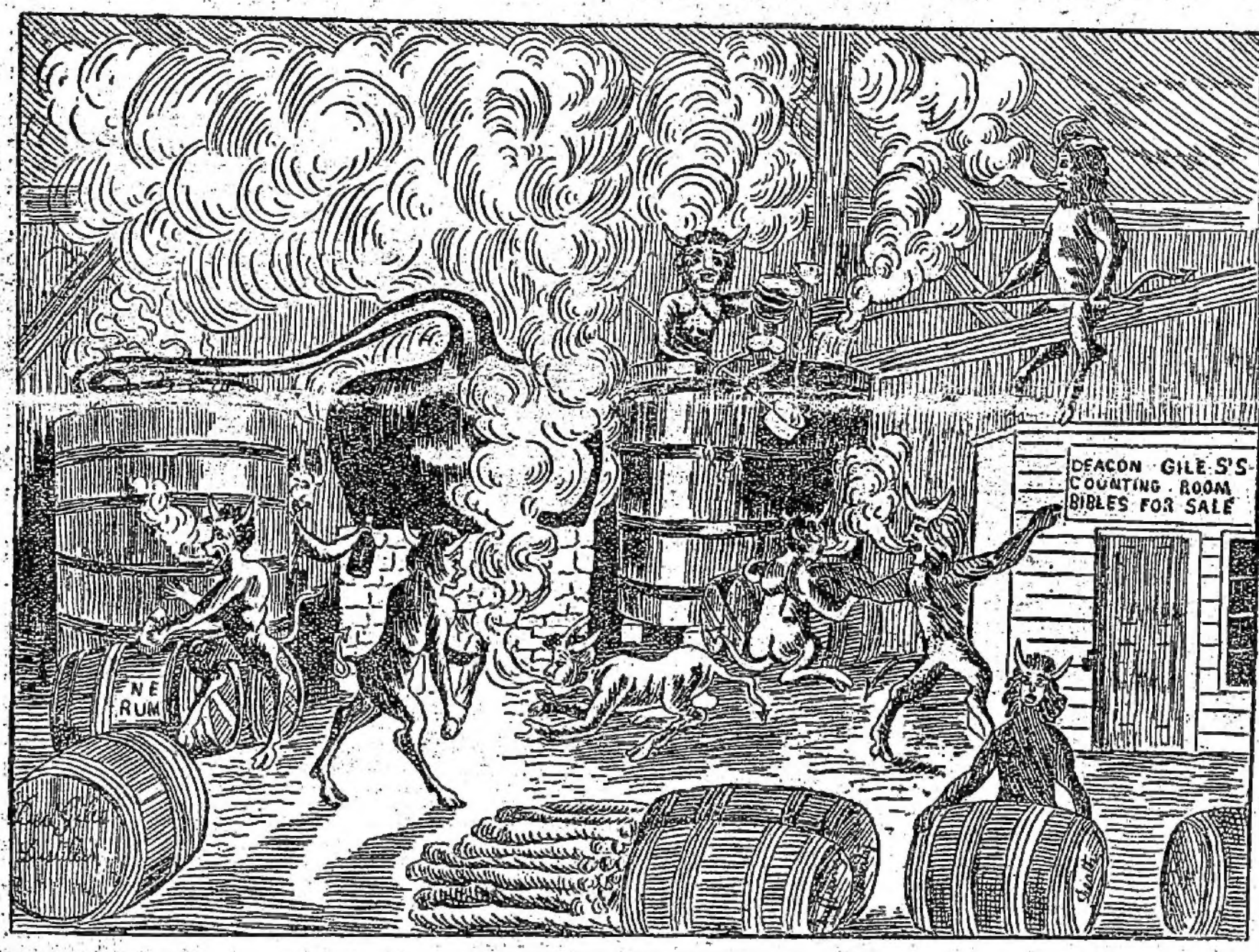
Some time ago the writer noticed an advertisement in a paper, bibles for sale, 'Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery.' You may suppose that the following story was a dream, suggested by that phrase.

Deacon Giles was a man who loved money, and was never troubled with a tenderness of conscience. His father and his grandfather had been distillers, and the same occupation had come to him as an heirloom. The still-house was black with age, and with smoke of furnaces that never went out. Its stench filled the atmosphere, and it seemed as if drops of poisonous alcoholic perspiration might be made to ooze from it.

He that is greedy of gain troubleth his own house. It was said that the worm of the still lay coiled in the bosom of his family; and certain it is that one of its members had drowned himself in the vat of hot liquor, in the bottom of which a skeleton was some time after found, with heavy weights tied to the ankle-bones. Moreover, Deacon Giles's temper was none of the sweetest, and the liquor he drank, and the fires and spirituous fumes among which he lived, did nothing to soften it. If his workmen sometimes fell into his vats, he himself oftener fell out with his workmen.

Deacon Giles worked on the Sabbath. He would neither suffer the fires of the distillary to go out, nor to burn while he was idle; so he kept as busy as they. One Saturday afternoon his workmen had quarrelled and all gone off in anger. He was in much perplexity for want of hands to do the work of the devil on the Lord's day. In the dusk of the evening a gang of singular-looking fellows entered the door of the distillery. Their dress was wild and uncouth, their eyes glared, and their language had a tone that was awful. They offered to work for the deacon; and he, on his part, was overjoyed, for he thought within himself that, as they had probably been turned out of employment elsewhere, he could engage them on his own terms.

He made them his accustomed offer, as much rum every day, when work was done, as they could drink; but they would not take it. Some of them broke out and told him that they had enough of hot things where they came from, without drinking damnation in the distillery. And when they said that it seemed to the deacon as if their breath turned blue; but he was not certain and could not tell what to make of it. Then he offered them a pittance of money; but they set up such a laugh that he thought the roof of the building would fall in. They demanded a sum which the deacon said he could not give, and would not to the best set of workmen that ever lived, much less to such piratical scapejails as they. Finally, he said he would give half what they asked, if they would take two-thirds of that in bibles. When he mentioned the word bibles, they all looked toward the door, and made a step backward, and the deacon thought they trembled, but whether it was with anger or delirium tremens, or something else, he could not tell. However, they winked, and made signs to each other, and then one of them, who seemed to be the head man, agreed with the deacon, that if he would let them work by night instead of day, they would stay with him a while, and work on his own terms. To this he agreed,



DEACON GILES'S DISTILLERY.

and they immediately went to work.

The deacon had a fresh cargo of molasses to be worked up, and a great many hogsheads then in from his country customers, to be filled with liquor. When he went home, he locked up the doors, leaving his distillery to his new workmen. As soon as he had departed you would have thought that one of the chambers of hell had been transported to earth with all its inmates. The distillery glowed with fires that burned hotter than ever before; and the figures of the demons passing to and fro, leaping and yelling in the midst of their work, made it look like the entrance of the bottomless pit.

Some of them sat astride the rafters over the heads of the others, and amused themselves with blowing flames out of their

mouths. The work of distilling seemed play to them, and they carried it on with supernatural rapidity. It was hot enough to have boiled the molasses in any part of the distillery; but they did not seem to mind it at all. Some lifted the hogsheads as easily as you would raise a teacup, and turned their contents into the proper receptacles; some scummed the boiling liquids; some, with huge ladles, dipped the smoking fluid from the different vats, and raising it high in air, seemed to take great delight in watching the fiery stream, as they spouted it back again; some drafted the distilled liquor into empty casks and hogsheads; and some stirred the fires; all were boisterous and horribly profane, and seemed to engage in their work with such familiar and malignant satisfaction, that I concluded the business of distilling was as natural as hell, and must have originated there.

I gathered from their talk that they were going to play a trick on the deacon, that should cure him of offering rum and bibles to his workmen; and I soon found out from their conversation and movements what it was. They were going to write certain inscriptions on all his rum casks, that should remain invisible until they were sold by the deacon, but should flame out in characters of fire as soon as they were offered by his retailers, or exposed to the use of drunkards.

When they had filled a few casks of liquor, one of them took a great coal of fire, and having quenched it in a mixture of rum and molasses, wrote apparently by way of experiment, upon the heads of the different vessels. Just as it was dawn they left off work, and all vanished together.

In the morning, the deacon was puzzled to know how the workmen got out of the distillery, which he found fast locked as he had left it. He was still more amazed to find that they had done more work in one night than could have been accomplished in the ordinary way in three weeks. He pondered the thing not a little, and almost concluded that it was the work of supernatural agents. At any rate, they had done so much that he thought he could afford to attend meeting that day, as it was the Sabbath. Accordingly he went to church, and heard his minister say that God could pardon sin without an atonement, and that the words hell and devils were mere figures of speech, and that all men would certainly be saved. He was much pleased, and inwardly resolved he would send his minister a half-cask of wine; and as it happened to be communion Sabbath, he attended meeting all day.

In the evening, the men came again, and again the deacon locked them up by themselves, and they went to work. They finished all his molasses, and filled all his rum-barrels, and kegs, and hogsheads with liquor, and marked them all as on the preceding night, with invisible inscriptions. Most of the titles ran thus:

'Consumption sold here. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Convulsions and Epilepsies. Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery.'

'Insanity and Murder. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Dropsy and Rheumatism, Putrid Fever and Cholera in the Collapse. Inquire at Amos Giles's Distillery.'

'Delirium Tremens. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Distilled Death and Liquid Damnation.' 'The Elixer of Hell for the bodies of those whose souls are coming there.'

'Who hath Woe? Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Who hath Redness of Eyes? Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'A Potion from the Lake of Fire and Brimstone. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

'Weeping and Wailing and Gnashing of Teeth. Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery.'

In the morning the workmen vanished as before, just as it was dawn; but in the dusk of the evening they came again, and told the deacon it was against their principles to take any wages for work done between Saturday night and Monday morning, and as they could not stay with him any longer he was welcome to what they had done. The deacon was very urgent to have them remain, and offered to hire them for the season at any wages, but they would not. So he thanked them, and they went away, and he saw them no more.

In the course of the week most of the casks were sent into the country, and duly hoisted on their stoop, in conspicuous situations, in the taverns, and groceries, and rum shops. But no sooner had the first glass been drawn from any of them, than the invisible inscriptions flamed out on the cask-heads to every beholder: 'CONSUMPTION SOLD HERE. DELIRIUM TREMENS. DAMNATION AND HELL-FIRE.' The drunkards were terrified from the dram-shops; the bar-rooms were emptied of their customers; but in their place a gaping crowd filled every store that possessed a cask of the deacon's devil-distilled liquor, to wonder and be affrighted at the spectacle. For no art could efface the inscriptions. And even when the liquor was drawn into new casks, the same deadly letters broke out in blue and red flame all over the surface.

The rumsellers and grocers and tavern keepers were full of fury. They loaded their teams with the accursed liquor, and drove it back to the distillery. All around and before the door of the deacon's establishment the returned casks were piled one upon another, and it seemed as if the inscriptions burned brighter than ever. Consumption, Damnation, Death and Hell, mingled together in frightful confusion; and in equal prominence, in every case, flamed out the direction, 'INQUIRE AT DEACON GILES'S DISTILLERY.' One would have thought that the bare sight would have been enough to terrify every drunkard from his cups, and every trader from the dreadful traffic in ardent spirits. Indeed, it had some effect for a time, but it was not lasting, and the demons knew it would not be when they played the trick; for they knew the deacon would continue to make rum, and that so long as he continued to make it, there would be people to buy and drink it. And so it proved.

The deacon had to turn a vast quantity of liquor into the streets, and burn up the hogsheads, and his distillery has smelled of brimstone ever since; but he would not give up the trade. And for many years the furnaces continued to belch forth their murky smoke. The distillery was blacker than ever—drunkards increased and multiplied—homes were made desolate — widows and orphans begged in the streets. At last, tired of the accursed business — having amassed a princely fortune—he sold out his distillery, with the good will of the trade in Consumption, Delirium Tremens, Insanity and Murder, and now is living in a princely style, undismayed by the wants of the widows and fatherless, which come up floating in the breezes which play around him. He gives sumptuous dinners, and fair women and cultured men throng his elegant drawing-rooms and parlors.

Scrap-Book Meetings.

A good plan for missionary committees is mentioned by the 'Missionary Review.' Let the members and their friends gather scraps on all subjects connected with missions and on the scrap-book evenings gather around a large table, and fill various scrap-books with their clippings. Classify them properly. Such books will make a valuable addition to the missionary library.

Shall Never Thirst.

(J. Hudson Taylor, in a Recent Address to Students.)

It may seem a very simple thing to say, but it has been a great revelation to me that shall means 'shall,' and never means 'never,' and thirst means 'thirst.' It carries me back to an afternoon in a Chinese city, where alone I was reading this chapter, oh, so hungry, so disappointed with my own life, and my own service, wishing that I could throw it all up, feeling that it was hardly honest of me to go on preaching Christ to these poor heathen, while I felt myself not fully saved, while I knew that, if temptation came in certain directions, I should inevitably fall. How could I go on telling the Chinese that Christ was a perfect Saviour and could help them at all times, when I knew that there was scarcely a day when I was not betrayed into irritability of temper, or in some other ways that my heart told me were displeasing to God? I knew a good many flood tides, but the ebb tides came too, and the ebb was often greater than the flood. That day the Holy Spirit showed me in a fresh light that shall means 'shall,' and never means 'never,' and thirst means 'thirst'; and went on to say further; not only 'shall never thirst,' but 'the water that I shall give him shall be in him—shall abide in him, 'be in him, a well,' a spring, springing up, overflowing. How long? 'Unto everlasting life.'

I just accepted the Master's word, and with a joy that I can never, never tell (and that I can never think of without gratitude as I go back to that time in my study in China in the winter of '69, I sprang from my chair. Oh, how I did praise God!')

'Praise the Lord, my thirsty days are all over! They are behind! They will never come again?' I cried aloud in my joy. I accepted his word that 'shall never thirst,' means shall never thirst, and I did not expect to be thirsty again.

'Praise the Lord!' I said, 'there will be no more going over the flower-beds with an empty water-can. No more pumping! no more pumping!' And I do praise God that the experience I have had since has not disappointed me. He keeps his word. 'Shall never thirst' means what it says to-day; and twenty thousand years hence it will be as true. And I want you all to take it home to you and go where the Lord sends you. It does not matter where it is, 'shall never thirst,' means 'shall never thirst.' The woman came to the well with a pot for water, she went away with a well in her bosom, and it overflowed all over the city. That is just what the Lord wants us everywhere to be. Nothing is so easy, nothing so mighty as an overflow. No one can dam a river.

'Out of him that believeth on me shall flow rivers of living water'; not mere brooks, not a river, even, but rivers of living water. Brethren, get this overflow, and then seek the arid and dry parts of the earth and there let the rivers out!—'Regions Beyond.'

We learn from 'Le Bien Social,' that the Belgian Minister of War has sent orders to the commanders of the different corps to have affixed in the soldiers' quarters pictures showing in a striking manner the terrible ravages drink produces in the human body. The need of temperance teaching in Belgium is very urgent, for the scourge of alcoholism is there widely prevalent, and is felt by all who have hearts to feel to be causing incalculable evil in all ranks of the people.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Bhutan and Its People.

Away up among the mighty Himalayas, on the southern border of the sealed and mysterious land of Thibet, is the independant kingdom of Bhutan. It lies adjacent to Assam, which is a British dependency to the south. Not even the Alps nor the Rockies present wilder or grander scenery, for the country of the Bhuteans is a succession of cloud-piercing mountains, forest-clad, and snow-capped, deep, dark valleys, and swiftly rushing rivers. One would imagine that in so wild and rugged a country, the native population of which must needs be more than ordinarily thrifty, and industrious to make a living, the people would be left in peace to follow their own pursuits. But this is far from being the case. 'Travellers declare that the Bhutan mountaineers, a quiet, peace-loving, agricultural people, are oppressed and poor. Nothing that a Bhutan possesses is his own,' wrote a British envoy; 'he is at all times liable to lose it through the cupidity of others more powerful than himself.' Might is right, in the most literal sense, in Bhutan; and between official rapacity on the one hand, and the raids of savage tribes on the other, the natives of the lower class are poverty-stricken and degraded almost beyond belief.

Our photograph of a Bhutea mother and child conveys an accurate impression of the condition of this class of the population. Physically a splendid race, they have become dispirited, lazy, and dirty. Their food consists of meat, turnips, rice, barleymeal, and tea which comes to them from China in the form of bricks, and is carried through the mountain passes by caravans. The men are wonderfully skilful as house builders, and some of their wooden dwellings, made wholly without nails or iron in any form, are ingenious and picturesque, being not unlike the chalets of Switzerland. A chimney is a thing unknown in the Bhutean economy, and the smoke escapes through doors and windows. They have neat little patches of cultivated soil, set out in terraces among the rocks, some of these gardens being supported by stone embankments twenty feet in height. There is very little trade in the country, the sole manufactures being coarse blankets, cotton cloth, silk, leather, wooden bowls, swords, rude spear and arrow-heads. In a total population of perhaps 30,000 nearly 6,000 are soldiers.

A BHUTEA MOTHER AND CHILD.

Bhutan is a country of climatic contrasts. One section may be annually deluged by mountain torrents and heavy rains, while another section has to resort to artificial irrigation; and the inhabitants of Punakha (the winter residence of the rajahs) may be shielding themselves from the blazing sun at a time when the people of Ghasa are chilled by perpetual snows.

Buddhism is the native religion of Bhutan, and there are two branches of the government, authority being divided between the deb raja, or secular head, and the dharma raja, or spiritual head of the state. The country presents a fine field for missionary enterprise, and is practically unoccupied by any gospel workers at the present time.—'Christian Herald.'

Serpent's Meat.

(Jane Ellis Joy, in New York 'Observer.')

'Delia, can you come down stairs for a moment?' called Isabel in an exuberant tone. She was standing at the drawing-room door, a picture of lovely, elated girlhood, her eyes resting now on one pretty piece of furniture, and now on another. The upholsterer, having given the finishing touches to the newly furnished room, had just gone, leaving Isabel alone to enjoy the result of his labor and taste.

Her summons brought a quick response. Directly there was a flutter of skirts and the sound of springy foot-steps on the stairs, and another pretty girl made her appearance in the drawing-room, giving expression to her feelings in a delighted 'Oh!'

'Isn't it all splendid?' asked Isabel.

'Magnificent!' said Delia. 'And to think that all these things are our very own! To know that this is really home!' And she dropped into one of the luxurious satin-covered chairs, and laughed for delight.

'This is just such a room as I have often imagined, when I used to build castles,' went on Isabel. 'Do look how the light glints on that picture, making it look like a bit of reality framed in! Wasn't it kind of papa not to say that it was too costly when we selected it?'

As will doubtless be anticipated, the Dixleys had not always been wealthy. Until recently they had occupied a plain little house on a small street, Isabel and Delia both contributing to the family income. The former, who was nineteen years of age, had taught a primary school; while the latter, who was a year younger, had filled a place in a store as cashier. They were bright, healthy-minded girls, and they had expected to continue in the pursuits which they had chosen, until one day about three months ago, when it developed that their father had fallen heir to a large fortune.

The Misses Dixley's experiences for the last three months seemed to them like a dream, or a page from a story-book. It gave them a novel sensation to go out shopping with the knowledge that they might buy almost anything that they desired in the way of dress and furniture. Sometimes, half-forgetting their change of fortune, one would say to the other, when examining some expensive article, 'Oh, it's too dear.' And, then, recollecting their altered circumstances, they would smile and enjoy their late good fortune 'all over again,' as they said.

But as the months passed, these novel sensations wore away. Very soon the girls began to feel 'settled' in their new home. They enjoyed so many social pleasures that

time seemed to pass rapidly, and before the expiration of the year it was the old life, with its drudgery and necessity for economy, that appeared to them like a dream. It might have been noticed that Isabel and Delia laughed less frequently in these latter days; nor did their handsome furniture afford them any renewals of their intense satisfaction. The truth was their eyes had grown accustomed to fine and costly things. They had also begun to grasp the truths that in this world values are relative, and emotions transitory. In spite of their happy surroundings, and the many attentions that they received from friends new and old, it must be said of these two favored girls that they frequently looked and felt discontented.

'I don't know what is the matter with me, Delia,' said Isabel one evening when they returned home from a social entertainment. 'It seems to me that the zest has all gone out of things.'

'That is just the way I feel, only I didn't like to acknowledge it,' said Isabel. 'It was all I could do to keep from yawning this evening. I suppose it is our own fault, and we ought to be different when people are so kind to us.'

'How we used to enjoy the few parties we went to when we were working!' said Delia, with a little sigh.

'That seems an age ago,' returned Isabel. 'But I have a notion that we had a better time then than we have now,' she went on thoughtfully. 'I really enjoyed teaching, though I didn't always know it then. I used to think that it couldn't be true that poor people might be as happy as the rich; but I know now that it may be true,'

Isabel's voice gathered a little tremulousness as she went on, and when she finished, a delicate cambric handkerchief was passed up to her eyes.

'Why, Isabel Dixley!' exclaimed Delia, half reprovingly, 'I hope you're not crying about it! What would papa think if he knew? But I dare say I'm as bad as you,' she added inconsistently.

Mr. Dixley knew a little more than his daughters supposed. Still he could not understand the change that had gradually come over them.

'Do you want anything, my dears?' he often asked. 'Don't hesitate to name anything that you think would give you pleasure.'

But the girls always replied that their allowances were sufficient, and that they wanted nothing.

At last the father began to suspect that his daughters were suffering from some serious disappointment, and one day, in no little perplexity of mind, he wrote to their Aunt Helen, asking her to come and pay his family a visit.

Miss Helen Page had been a second mother to the Dixley girls, about ten years ago, when their own mother had died. For seven years she had made her home with the Dixleys; but for the last three years she had resided with another branch of the family that was located in the far West. She was very fond of Isabel and Delia, and she set out for Coldenham immediately after receiving her brother-in-law's letter.

'I wonder what can be the matter with the dear children,' thought Aunt Helen very frequently to herself, as she journeyed eastward by 'rail.

Miss Page was a quiet little lady with an intellectual face, silvery hair, and a sweet mouth on which a kindly smile seemed always ready to break forth. She did not begin to question her nieces immediately as to their discontentment. There are types of sympathetic people who rarely need to ask questions, and Aunt Helen was one to whom confidences flowed naturally, like a stream. Before many days she knew a good deal about the late trouble that had grown out of the Dixley's accession to wealth.

In the course of a fortnight, when the three were enjoying a quiet evening at home, Delia broke out half-jokingly, yet with a little note of self-reproach:

'Aunt Helen, sister and I have a secret. We're not as happy as we used to be. It seems that we have lost our capacity to enjoy things.'

A smile lightened Aunt Helen's face pleasantly as she looked at the girls, who occupied a sofa near her. 'Under the circumstances, I'm rather glad that you feel as you do, my dears,' she said quietly.

'Why, Aunt Helen!' exclaimed the astonished sisters in concert.

'But I mean what I say,' said Miss Page, seriously. 'I was very much afraid that so much money, coming to you so suddenly, would spoil you. Now I know that it has not.'

'But, isn't it wicked to feel dissatisfied the way we do?' put in Isabel, with a puzzled expression on her face. 'Here, we have everything that girls could want, and papa ready to give us more money whenever we ask it, and people all so good to us. Yet, half the time I feel as though I had lost something.'

'You have lost something, children,' said Aunt Helen, in her sweetly serious way. 'You have lost the satisfaction, once so familiar to you, that comes from earnest and successful effort. You have often been trying to live on a diet of dust, and it hasn't agreed with you. You know the passage, "Dust shall be the serpent's meat."'

The girls opened their eyes wide in their amazement. Yes, they had lately met this text in a course of bible reading but they had not dreamed of the significance given to it by Aunt Helen. They continued to look at her for a fuller explanation.

'I mean, my dear girls, that if the things that you have been trying to get enjoyment from had filled your lives, and satisfied your longings, I should have cause to be sorry; because the fact of your satisfaction would indicate that your natures were lacking in the higher spiritual qualities. Now, please don't understand me as condemning innocent pleasures and recreations. These things are all right in their places and seasons. Wealth is a blessing to be enjoyed. Handsome furniture and fine clothes should be appreciated and valued.'

'We valued them too much at first,' said Isabel. 'I see now where we were wrong. When we gave up our situations as breadwinners, we took up nothing elevating instead. And I am afraid, too, that we forgot our duties to people less fortunate than ourselves. Sure enough we have been trying to live on "serpent's meat."'

'Yes, Isabel,' said Miss Page, 'quite unconsciously you have been living selfish lives. But, happily, it is not too late to begin again. Appreciate your wealth, your present social standing, and all your pleasant surroundings, my dears; but at the same time don't forget that you are God's stewards. "Give, and it shall be given unto you."'

Isabel and Delia had been generous to the few personal friends of their own who were needy; but they realized now that more than this was required of them. The next day they might have been seen taking their way through some of the narrow streets of Coldenham. They returned home with radiant faces; for they had found several opportunities for alleviating suffering and giving happiness.

'I have an idea,' said Isabel, as they talked over the experiences of the day, 'You know our principal in the public school used to say that I was a "born teacher." Now, if papa is willing, I'm going to take that hard class in the mission Sunday-school — that class that nobody wants—and see if I can't develop some good in those rough boys.'

A Bed of Four-O'Clocks.

(New York 'Observer.')

It was a quiet street in a western college town. Along its walks were tall maples, and from the dooryards came a perfume that told of the pretty flower gardens hidden near the wide porches. Kate sat in the gloom of the room where she had been sewing all day. Her aunt, fashionably dressed, and with her hat on for a walk to the club meeting, was talking complainingly:

'What in the world could you be thinking about to plant those old-fashioned flowers there in the front yard? There is not a lady in the neighborhood that would allow such a peculiar lot of flowers as you have put out to grow in her yard.'

'But they are pretty, and I like them.'

'Why, of course, they have a kind of beauty for those who do not know what beauty is, and who are not very particular. Why couldn't you put out something more fashionable?'

'I'm not fashionable, and I guess I do not care very much for such things. Anyhow, these flowers are planted now, and will be up in a few days, and I like them—please let me have them.'

'Of course, you can have them, but I am ashamed to have my friends see what poor taste we have.'

So the beds of flowers came up, and there were all sorts of old-fashioned kinds—four o'clocks, hollyhocks that would the next year have blooms, poppies and other favorites of the country places, and not at all what the people of the city expected. Kate rather enjoyed the criticisms she heard on the selection of her blossoms, and did not at all resent them. She tended the beds carefully, and soon they were alive with the odd blossoms, and were one of the attractions of the city, for the country people who drove into town. Many a time did big farm waggons stop and the people in them look pleased at the picture. It was very satisfactory to the quiet girl in the shade of the vine-covered porch.

It was a college town, and many young men were there for their education. They came from all parts of the state, and met all kinds of company. Some of it was good and some of it—too much of it—was bad. Ralph Maden was unfortunately meeting the bad kind. He came from a little town up among the hills where the cows and horses were allowed to pasture in the streets, and where such a thing as an opera or even a theatrical performance was unknown. It was but a little thing for him to start towards this kind of entertainment, and it was not long before he found that he was spending more than the allowance his parents were saving up for him so laboriously. One afternoon, in the latter days of the term, when the hot school rooms were so uninviting, he was asked by his chum this question:

'Ralph, are you going to be an old fogy?'

'Why, I don't know what you mean—of course not.'

'Then get your coat and come with me.'

'But I don't know where you are going.'

'It makes no difference—come on.'

Together they sauntered down the street.

'Say, Jim, I must know where you are going,' said Ralph.

'Oh, come on, it will be all right.'

'But I must know.'

Well, baby, I will tell you—we are getting

up a little party to go by boat down to the city and see the show to-night.'

'But we can't be back in time for to-morrow's lessons.'

'Of course not, but who cares.'

'I care, but it won't make much difference in the end, I suppose.'

'Certainly not. It will cost us only about five dollars apiece, and we will have a good time.'

Five dollars meant a good deal to the father and mother out on the hills, and Ralph knew it. It was, though, a good opportunity to show the boys that he did not care for the rules of the school, and was a 'good fellow.' So he did not say anything more, but went toward the depot to arrange for the trip. As they went along, the little party of boys now gathered came down the quiet street. It was so cool in there, and the water running on the lawns was so inviting.

'There's a stylish place,' remarked Jim as they came to the residence of the judge.

'But there's one that I like better,' said Ralph, as he pointed to the cottage where a fair-faced girl was sitting in the shade of the porch. Then as he looked, somehow there came over him a queer feeling. What was it? He knew—it came from the big bed of four o'clocks that was so prominent a feature of the yard. He remembered that his mother up among the hills always had a bed of four o'clocks in the front of the house. He could see her now, sitting on the porch and knitting or sewing for him. Some of the articles came to him at the school, and others were kept for his return in the summer. He smelled the sweet odors that came from the flowers, and the impression was stronger than ever. He could almost see the old home, and the city with its busy ways was forgotten. He felt, too, that he was in his present actions proving a traitor to that home and to the mother. The flowers were shaming him into remembering it all.

'Come on, Ralph, come on,' called the others, who were far in the lead, having left him standing before the bed of four o'clocks.

He was startled himself to see what he had done, and hurried towards his companions. They laughed as they saw the expression on his face.

'Seen a ghost?' asked Jim.

'No, boys, but I'm not going with you.'

'What's the matter? Are you sick?'

'Not at all, but I am going to write a letter home. I have neglected it for weeks. Those flowers in that yard are the kind my mother plants, and I'm a little homesick about it I guess.'

'Well,' put in Jim, after a while, 'I don't know but you are right, Ralph. We all ought to stay at home and work—but then we will miss a good time.'

'I guess I'll stay,' announced one of the others, a country boy. He, too, had recognized something familiar in the old-fashioned flowers.

'And I, and I, and I,' came the agreements of the others, and soon the party was given up, and the boys were at their rooms the next day as usual.

'I hope you won't plant any of those old country flowers next year,' remarked Kate's aunt one day. 'They have done nobody any good, have they?'

'No, not that I know of, except that I liked them.'

But they did not know all the good the bed of four o'clocks had done. — Charles Moreau Harger.

'O God, I Belong to Thee.'

Wendell Phillips was recognized as perhaps in his day, the foremost of American orators. There was especially noticeable about him a marked ethical momentum. No other word so well expresses it. Momentum is the product of the mass of matter by the velocity of movement. When he spoke on great moral questions, he carried his auditor with him by oratorical force, into which entered two grand elements: first, there was a noble, strong, weighty manhood back of the speech; and, second, there was a rapid onward movement in forcible argument and intense earnestness of emotion and lofty purpose, all facilitated by simplicity of diction and aptness of illustration.

This American Demosthenes had gone through the temptations which a rich young man confronts, to early dissipation, and developed a great moral character, which must cause him ever to remain one of the noblest figures in the history of New England.

An interesting fact is related of his early boyhood: One day, after hearing Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried: 'O God, I belong to thee! Take what is thine own! I ask this, that whenever a thing be wrong it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right it may take no courage to do it.'

'And,' observed Mr. Phillips, in later years, 'I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong, exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right.'

What a key to a human life! In that supreme hour his higher moral nature, with God's help, subjugated his lower self; and for him henceforth, there was no compromise with animal passion, carnal ambition, selfishness, cupidity, or any other debasing inclination; they were 'suppliants at the feet of his soul.'—Dr. A. T. Pierson.

A Silver Quarter.

The 'Texas Baptist' once published a story by Julia McNair Wright, which contains a good lesson.

'Ben Hono will soon be a very bad boy.' So the neighbors all said. Ben was absenting himself from church and from Sabbath-school. He was going with bad boys, and instead of doing any useful work, he was into every kind of mischief. One day Ben and his group of evil companions were sitting upon some boxes on a street corner.

'How hot it is,' cried one of the boys. 'Let's go and get some beer.'

'We haven't any money, an' they won't trust us,' said another.

'Ben, you get it from your dad; he's rich.'

'He won't give me any,' said Ben, gloomily. Just then the boys saw Dr. Kane coming down the street; he came slowly, leaning on his gold-headed staff; his white hair fell about his shoulders, and his long white beard lay on his breast; he was a picture of noble and venerable old age.

'Makes one think always of Abraham,' said one of the boys, who had been to Sunday-school.

'Always 'minds one of the verse about "a hoary head being a crown of glory if found in the way of righteousness," and that's where he is,' said another.

'He's the kindest hearted man in town. See here, boys! Watch me get a quarter out of him,' exclaimed Ben.

He bent down and slipped a pebble into each shoe, and put one into his cheek; then rubbing his eyes hard, until they were red, he nearly closed them, as if almost blind, and so limped up to Dr. Kane. The good old man saw but poorly without his glasses, which he did not wear in the street.

Ben going near to him, said, in a lamentable whine:

'Please mister, give me a quarter to buy my dinner.'

The old man looked at him and said, gently, 'Poor boy! lame and nearly blind—and so young!' Then taking the quarter from his pocket, he put it into Ben's outstretched hand, and kindly patted him on the shoulder, said: 'God bless you, my son,' and passed on.

Ben returned to the boys the quarter shut up in his hand. He took the pebbles from his mouth and shoes, and looked fixedly at the sidewalk.

'Haven't you got the gall!' said one boy.

'That was sharp of you, Ben!'

'Come along and get us the beer.'

'Beer!' cried Ben, fiercely; 'I wouldn't spend that quarter on beer; or any other kind of badness, for any price! Did you hear what he said to me—so as if he meant it—"God bless you, my son." Oh, I wish I hadn't asked him for the money!'

'Well, if you won't spend it, what will you do with it?' demanded the boys.

'I don't know,' said Ben, miserably.

That quarter, fresh from the good man's touch, given with a benediction, seemed clean and sacred to Ben. His own soiled hands and pocket with playing cards in it, did not seem clean enough for that money.

'I'm going home,' he said crossly.

He had thought of the top drawer in his bureau, a drawer kept so neatly by his good mother, everything in it nice and fresh and orderly, and smelling of lavender! He would put the money there.

When he reached his room it was clean, cool and shady, after the hot, dusty street. He dropped the quarter into the top drawer, and feeling himself weighed down by that 'God bless you, my son,' he threw himself on the foot of the bed to try and sleep it off. Still he thought of the money, suppose someone should find it in his drawer and take it. Perhaps he had better hide it under the winter flannels in the bottom drawer.

Well, if he touched it again he must wash his hands first. The cool water felt good to his hands, and the washed hands showed how dirty the wrists were, so he went to the bath-room and took a bath. A bath made clean clothes necessary, so he dressed himself clean from top to toe. Then he hid the quarter under a pile of clean flannels. He was now too neat for his usual companions and haunts, and besides it was dinner time. After dinner he lay down under a tree and fell asleep. He dreamed that all the birds sang gently—'God bless you, my son'—and that all the leaves were silver quarters, and rained down upon him and buried him.

Finally he awoke feeling as if that quarter weighed five hundred pounds, and was on his back fast as Pilgrim's burden. Perhaps if he did some good work he might forget that quarter. His mother wished to have the garden raked—he would do that. How pleased his mother was, and how his father's face brightened at seeing him at two meals in succession on time, looking clean and quiet! After tea he could not go loafing about with those boys, they would surely speak about that quarter. He went early to bed. When the light was out, the quarter seemed to rise out of the drawer and cover the ceiling; he heard Dr. Kane's voice, saw his venerable face. He slept and now the quarter was in his shoes; it was in his pocket weighing like lead.

At breakfast his father asked him to help him with some work in the garden, and at dinner his mother said that she must go out into the country for three days, to see Cousin Mary, and she wanted Ben to harness the horse and take her in the buggy; he would have a good time at Cousin Mary's, she said; Josephine was there.

Now Ben regarded Josephine with awe and

admiration; he had seen her but once or twice; she had been through college, and had published a book. Of course she would not look at him; he hoped she would not, but he might regard her afar off, and the sight might take his mind off from that quarter.

However, Cousin Mary had been telling Josephine about Ben, and how terribly the family felt about his misdoings. Josephine invited herself to go raspberrying and fishing with Ben, and she sat in a tree in the moonlight with him, and they talked. Ben hardly knew what they talked about, or what he told her, but he privately 'felt as if his mind had been turned inside out'; and his evil companions and his recent actions looked very mean, vile and contemptible to him.

Somehow, after that four days in the society of Josephine, it seemed manly to go to church, and the course of a reasonable person to do honest work, and Sunday-school did not appear babyish, and boys ought to be clean-mouthed and clean-bodied enough to speak to nice girls, and sit bravely in their presence and talk sense. He went home feeling glad that Josephine was coming there for a visit of a week. Maybe he would tell her about that quarter.

She came, and he did not tell her. The day after she left, he put on his best suit, took the quarter in a new pocket-book, and went to Dr. Kane's, asking to see Dr. Kane privately. Then he told him. 'And there's your quarter, doctor. It is the biggest quarter and the heaviest quarter I ever heard of. Seems as if it was a thousand quarters!'

The doctor took the little silver disc.

'God heard my prayer. It has blessed you, my son. Here, take it again!'

'Oh, I cannot. Why, doctor, it crushes me!'

'No, my son, it will rather lift you up. Think a minute as in God's sight, if you will try and live a better life, if you will ask God's help to do better; take this quarter again from my hand as a token of your pledge.'

Ben waited for a moment or two. Then with a deep breath he took that quarter from the good man's hand, and once more the doctor said, in giving it, "God bless you, my son!' — Union Gospel News.'

She Will Know.

(By Mrs. Euren.)

'Now I know in part, but then shall I know.'—Paul.

No one was ever heard to call Miss Dumphy beautiful, or pretty, or even interesting looking, though, when she smiled, her face was pleasant enough to see. No one ever praised her figure, which was of the roly-poly order, and the name by which she was known among her intimates was neither her baptismal nor family designation, being only a contraction of the childish pet name 'Dumpling.' Perhaps both her appearance and pretensions might best be described by the term insignificant. Miss Dumphy's sisters were intellectual young ladies, well to the fore in works of usefulness, and benevolence, but Miss Dumphy always remained in the back-ground.

They were Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, embryo lecturers, promoters of every good work within their reach, but it seemed to fall to Miss Dumphy's lot to stay at home and discharge the ninety and nine trifling duties which must be performed by somebody if the domestic wheels are to run smoothly. 'Dumphy will see to it,' was a familiar household phrase. Dumphy was never supposed to 'mind.' 'You will not mind, will you, dear?' was deemed a sufficient apology for transferring to Dumphy's shoulders someone else's small burdens or obligations. And Dumphy invariably answered in the negative. It did not strike her that she might be encouraging selfishness in others. She had once come across an aged man engaged in some necessary but disagreeable occupation, and upon asking why he did such unpleasant work had received the answer, 'Somebody must do the hard and disagreeable jobs, Miss, then why not I?' Perhaps Dumphy had unconsciously adopted the, 'Why not I?' sentiment. Somebody must do the unpleasant work. There are people who add, 'But why should I?'

The girl was not in the least bit unhappy, and did not regard herself as either a martyr or a heroine. She admired her sisters and rejoiced in their successes; but she was afraid she sometimes envied them just a little bit their power and opportunities of usefulness. Yet she knew she had not the capacity for great things, and tried to be content to fill the 'little space' and to render small and humble service in a cheerful spirit. So, while Augusta wrote or read papers on hygiene or social economics, Dumphy darned Augusta's stockings; and while Clemence attended the meetings of the Women's Advance Society, Dumphy performed many of Clemence's neglected duties in the household.

But it happened that once upon a time Miss Dumphy lighted upon a little corner of outside usefulness of her very own, and that without encroaching on any one else's lines. Near her father's house was a cottage wedged in between larger residences and almost invisible from the road. Only two persons appeared ever to enter the small dwelling — a stern-faced man, and a woman whose care-lined face did not bespeak happiness. By means of pleasant greetings and a few neighborly civilities Miss Dumphy found herself upon speaking terms with the woman, and after a time upon calling terms at the cottage, and finding that her presence and kindly offices brightened the lonely woman's life, was induced to become a constant visitor.

She lent books, but fancied they were returned unread. She next brought interesting little bits to read aloud while the woman sat at work, and found her efforts to please greatly appreciated. Sometimes she was permitted to assist Mrs. Granger with her needlework. Once she made her a pretty cap. Her, simple, neighborly visits came to be looked for and longed for as times of refreshing to the isolated, friendless woman.

When Miss Dumphy discovered that her friend could not read she, at first thought only of compensation, not of remedy. She tried to realize how sad it must be to be debarred from all the pleasures that books can give, and above all to be shut out from the consolation that the best of books affords. So she did her best in the way of short but frequent readings. But the grief caused by a period of unavoidable absence from the cottage showed the young reader that she had developed a capacity for enjoyment which she might not always be able to gratify. So she decided that Mrs. Granger must learn to read for herself.

When Miss Dumphy had reached this conclusion she, in her own simple, direct way, advanced to the next step. No one else was likely to teach Mrs. Granger to read, ergo Dumphy must teach her. With a little difficulty she persuaded her cottage friend to become her pupil. Doubtless the learner must have had in childhood some long since forgotten rudimentary education, for she quickly learned to read short words, then longer ones. There was no attempt at pedagogic methods of instruction; the bible was both primer and text-book; verses and chapters were read and re-read, till the appearance of the words was familiar, and the sentences were learned by heart. And in this rough and ready manner, the woman in time learned to read her bible fairly well. And then Mrs. Granger dropped out of the young girl's life. By one of those sudden turns of fortune which bring about unexpected results—the Grangers removed to a distant part of the country and Miss Dumphy saw and heard of them no more.

Their circumstances were greatly improved, but as their new home was situated on the top of a hill, and the wife saw no one from week's end to week's end, but her taciturn husband, she might have relapsed into the old state of hopeless stultification but for her newly acquired power of reading and the possession of her bible. She had beforetime found comfort and pleasure in its pages, but here, on the lonely hill-top, to use her own expression, she found Christ. She did not consciously seek him in more direct fashion than before, but, as she read the Sacred Word, the idea of a personal living presence asserted itself till it became 'closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet,' and, with the realization, a great joy took possession of her and filled her soul. Henceforth she could say, 'Alone, yet not alone am I,' a divine friend and comforter was ever the companion of her solitude.

After this another change took place. She who had been so reserved and given to hide herself in closest seclusion, now went forth among her fellow-creatures, and sought to make friends with them. She found, in the nearest village, a few pious souls, who, in default of the usual 'means of grace' were wont to meet together in a cottage for praise and prayer. Mrs. Granger gladly joined these like-minded ones, and with her coming new spiritual life seemed infused into the little band. Their love and fervor increased, their influence extended, their numbers were added to, till the largest room at their disposal was too small to contain them. At length it was found possible to erect a much-needed house of worship, and form a Christian church, one of the most consistent and indefatigable of whose first members was and is Mrs. Granger.

I often wonder whether Miss Dumphy is still living. If so, I sometimes wish that she could learn the results of those humble ministrations in days gone by. And yet, after all, why should one desire to anticipate the glorious surprise awaiting her when the Master shall say, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, you did it unto me.' Then she will know,

Thou knowest not whether shall prosper either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.—'English Sunday-school Times.'

The parents come first, but the teacher's part is also of the greatest importance in the shepherding of Christ's lambs. The Sunday-school is the Church caring for the children. Very sacred are its functions. Its obligations cannot be met by any mere perfunctory or routine service. In the Jewish Church the most urgent commands were given concerning the instruction of the children. They were to be taught the Holy Scriptures from their infancy. These heavenly words were to be lodged in their hearts so early, and so deeply that they would color their first thoughts, sweeten their first affections, and give tone to all their aspirations and desires. This is what we, as teachers, should seek to do for the young children in our classes. We are to fill their hearts and minds with divine influences—the words which are able to make them wise unto salvation. We have the children when their lives are easily impressed, and when the blessing of our teaching will help to shape them for noble character and great usefulness.—Rev. J. K. Miller.

Correspondence

January has been awarded to Christina Gill, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario. Her letter was very neatly written, and showed a great deal of thought. The prize is a well bound, interesting book, called, 'Sea, Forest and Prairie,' being stories of life and adventure in Canada past and present, by boys and girls in Canada's schools, written for the 'Witness.'

We have not room to print all the letters we have now on hand, but a few more of the January letters must appear.

The announcement of the temperance competition promised for this issue, on account of unforeseen circumstances, will have to be put off till next week.

'Susie' writes from Montrose, she is nine years old, and is trying to get a club of subscribers. We wish her great success. 'May' writes from Burgesville that her father has taken the paper for twenty years. She also belongs to a Mission Band and saves her pennies for the missionaries. 'Mary Ella,' writes from Winslow, about a pet canary she used to have. 'Jennie,' who lives in Skye, is much interested in missions. 'Joseph' is nine years old, and lives at Amulree. He writes a very neat letter about his little dog, Clip. 'Arnott,' who is ten years old, writes from Lunenburg about a picnic he went to at the foot of Longue Sault. 'Ella' lives in Hawkesbury. She enjoys reading the 'Messenger,' especially the children's page. 'Laura,' writes a long letter from Randolph, Nebraska. She was born in Canada, but has lived thirteen years in Nebraska. Laura is very patriotic. 'Katie' lives in Monmouth, Oregon. Look up these places on the map, children, then you will feel more acquainted with each other. We have also received letters from 'Richard,' who lives in Gunter, 'Mary,' in Sarnia, 'Mary,' near Glen Robertson, 'Lulu,' at Garden Hill, 'Martha,' at Pugwash, 'Mary,' at Lanark, 'Nina,' at Brookfield, Nova Scotia; also from 'Ada,' at Brookfield, 'Gretta,' at Foresters' Falls, 'Willie,' at Gowanstown, 'Grace,' who lives at Economy Point, 'Rosy,' who lives on the north-east point of Cape Sable Island, 'Lena,' at Barnston, 'Marion,' lives at the Cross Roads, County Harbor, N.S.; 'Alphie,' at Lemington, 'William,' at Oakwood, 'Willie,' at Fordwich, 'Blanche,' at Newburg, 'Will,' in Ottawa, 'M. J. A. B.,' at Salmon River, 'Pansy,' writes from Sable River, 'Hattie,' from Halifax, 'Jennie,' who is ten years old, writes from Brandon, Manitoba; 'Alice,' aged ten, from Otter Lake, Que.; 'Katie,' from North Dakota, 'Cassie,' from Shelburne, Ont.; 'Hazel,' from Oak Point, N.B.; 'Agnes,' from Regina, 'Laura,' from South Dakota, 'Maggie,' from Buctouche, N.B., 'L.M.M.,' is a strong temperance girl. We should be very glad to print all these letters but space forbids.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Calvin, Agnes, Gertie, May, Daisy, Nellie, Sunbeam, Harold, Katie, Melissa, Vera, Mission Girl, Effie, Elsie, Roy, Marjory, C.H.L., Harry, Rutherford, Georgia, Pearl Marguerite, Victoria, Percy, Jennie, Alice, May.

Bay City, Michigan.

A CURIOUS PET.

Dear Editor,—I am a boy thirteen years of age. I thought I would tell you about the pet coon I had three years ago. I was up north spending my summer vacation with my father. It was a dry season, and the bush fires were numerous, especially about the camp to scare the wild animals out of the woods. One day father and another man saw a small coon on a log. The man caught him and gave him to me. I named him Rex. In a week he was as tame as a kitten. At first we fed him milk and berries. When I was coming home I put him in a horseshoe nail box. At first we had to chain him, as he was in a strange place. But afterwards I built a coop for him. After school I would let him out for exercise, after he got tired he would go back to his coop.

One day when I was going to school Rex got out of his coop. I did not notice him following me till I got to the school-house, he followed me to my room. The teachers of the smaller rooms asked me to show him to the scholars. One of the teachers went to pat him but he snapped at her and nearly bit her. Any one in our family could play with him but he would not let any stranger touch him. He was very fond of eggs, he would take an egg between his two paws, make a hole in the shell with his claw, and then, with a very satisfied air, would proceed to eat it. When we wanted some fun we would give him a spoon with something sweet on it. He would take the handle with his right paw, and put the left paw under the spoon.

One day he got out of his coop. He was gone a week, and then he came back. We afterwards heard that he had been feeding on chickens. He became so wicked that we were obliged to part with him. Yours truly,

ROBERT.

Black Creek.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old, I have two rabbits, a black one and a white one. If my shepherd dog comes in they run away and hide, and my pet cat likes to play with them. I have a pigeon, for a while it was quite tame, but it is in the barn now, and I cannot catch it very often. I live along the Niagara River, and have three turkeys, which run off sometimes to the woods. The Niagara River has one of the grandest falls in the world, it never freezes over because the current is so swift, but we can skate along the edge for about thirty feet. In the summer it is generally smooth. There are a great many pleasure boats, and I am sorry to say that a good many run on Sunday, and sometimes people are drowned.

HARRY.

Bear Point.

Dear Editor,—I am eleven years old, I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for several years, and enjoy reading it very much. I have one sister. I have a pet cat, his name is Whitie, and he is yellow and white, and very large.

ELSIE.

MANITOBA'S WILD FLOWERS.

Pilot Mound, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—My home is on a Manitoba farm, and my friends and playmates have mostly been the flowers, so I am going to write my letter about them.

The first flowers that come are the crocuses. They grow on the prairie and come as soon as the snow goes away. Their color is pale blue. The next that come are the buttercups, and they grow generally on green grassy places, and their color is a dark yellow. The violets come next. The colors of the violets are blue, pale blue, white and yellow. They grow around meadows or sometimes in amongst the trees.

The anemone is a pretty white flower, and comes soon after the violet. These grow any place, but especially in the bush. The roses come in the months of June and July. They are very lovely and their colors are red, pink and white. They grow all over Manitoba, but those that grow in the bush are the prettiest. The tiger lilies and ladies' slippers are very nice. They grow near wet places. The tiger lilies are dark red flowers and the ladies' slippers are dark yellow with dark brown spots.

The next are the golden rods. These grow in woody parts, and they are light yellow. The fringed gentian grows in wet places, but it is not very plentiful. The color of the fringed gentian is a dark blue or purple. Besides the flowers there are the blossoms of the wild fruit-bearing trees. My favorite of these is the plum. They grow in large white clusters, and are very pretty and fragrant. The red, or pin cherry, resembles the plum very much. The blueberry blossoms grow in longer clusters and arrange nicely with others for a bouquet. The black cherry resembles the blue berry only the blossoms are larger and more fragrant. We have also a great variety of grasses but I am not so familiar with them as they are not as pretty as the flowers. Yours sincerely,

GERTIE.

Age, twelve years.

GOING TO MANITOBA.

Ewan, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old, and live in a very backward part of the country. I have never been in a city, or even in a town. I have never had a ride on the cars, or a sail in a steamboat, but as I am going to Manitoba in March, I expect to see a great deal more then than I have ever seen before. I will write you a letter about the trip, and all that I see if you wish it. I am a subscriber to the 'Northern Messenger,' and the 'Sabbath Reading,' both of which I like very much. I attend Sunday-school, and we have quite a large library. We take about ten papers, so I have lots of reading. The teacher, who boarded here, took the 'Weekly Witness,' and I cut out several pieces to make a scrap-book. Yours truly.

RUTHERFORD.

A PET LAMB.

North Brookfield.

Dear Editor,—I have had quite a lot of pets, but the one I liked best was a white lamb called Billy. He was quite large when we began to tame him but soon got very tame. He was kept in the field and would follow us everywhere.

He was very fond of sweet apples. And when he wanted some he would lead us to the barrel where they were kept, and beg for them. Sometimes we would go out in the field and sit down and he would lie down and put his head in our laps.

This was in holidays, and when we went to school he was such a bother that he was killed.

THERESA.

Roxbury, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eight years old, and like your paper very much. I am a temperance boy, and do not intend to either drink or smoke. I go eight subscribers for the 'Messenger.' My papa has taken your paper for three years.

HARRY.

A GOOD SCHOOL.

Union Hall.

Dear Editor, — We have a very pretty school. It is a frame one, and we have beautiful pictures hanging on the walls. In the summer we bring flowers and put them in the windows. The people of the section turned out last vacation, and papered it and painted the woodwork. Mr. Drysdale, of Lanark, is our teacher, and we are very fond of him. We have a great many pets. We have a little dog called Tony, and a canary, called Harry, which sings the whole day long. We also have a pigeon. I have a great-grandmother, who is ninety years of age. I remain yours truly,

MAY.

Ste. Philippe d'Argenteuil, Que.

Dear Editor,—I have a little sleigh, and I have a jolly time with it. I had my doll out getting a bit of fresh air, she seemed to like it, but of course I don't know. I have a pet cat, she is very cunning, she runs off in another corner when we are just going to put her out. She comes up to my bed in the morning and purrs until she wakens me. She is very much afraid of strangers, she runs away and hides. Her name is Toby. Yours truly,

ALICE.

LITTLE FOLKS

Grannie Whitecross.

Poor old Grannie White-cross! Children, would you like to hear about her? She lives all alone in a wee thatched cottage, her only companion being a pretty little grey kitten. Ah! but grannie at one time had a little grand-daughter named Bessie, who used to help her in many ways—used to wash the teacups, sweep up the fireside, all the time talking so pleasantly to her

GRANNIE WHITE-CROSS.

grandmother, that old Mrs. Whitecross, when she said her prayers, used to thank God for giving her so good a grandchild. But Bessie could not remain always a child. She grew up to be a tall, pretty girl; then she married and went to Canada. 'Don't cry about it, dear grannie,' she said, when her boxes were packed and she was ready to go away. 'Don't cry; John and I will soon be back again, and then you must come and live with us in Primrose Cottage—you will like that, won't you, grannie dear?' Of course grannie would like it; and so she cheered up, kissed pretty Bessie, and made up her mind to wait patiently till the happy day came round that would bring John and Bessie home again. Well, dear children, the time did seem long; but the happy day came at last.

Grannie had gone to the hazel-wood to gather sticks for her fire. She went, leaning on her stick, for the poor woman was very rheumatic. 'Dear, dear,' she said to herself, as she sat down on a mossy bank to rest her weary limbs, 'if my dear Bessie were home again, she would go for the sticks instead of me; I know she would, she is so kind, and I would be able to sit quietly in the warm chimney corner. Well, well, she will come some day! so I had best go home and get my tea, and give pussy her saucer of milk.'

Children, when grannie got home on that happy day, who should she see but John and Bessie standing at the door! Oh, the joy and happiness! Next week they all moved to Primrose Cottage, and lived happy ever afterwards. 'The Prize.'

The Children of the Bible.

THE SHUNAMITE'S CHILD.

(By the Author of 'Out of the Way.')

The little boy of whom I am going to tell you was the only child of his parents, and they loved him very dearly His father was a rich man, who lived in a city called Shunem, and for many years he had been happy and prosperous. He and his wife felt that they had only one thing to wish for, and that was a little child of their own.

They were both good people, and had shown much kindness to God's prophet, Elisha; so when Elisha found out how much they wished for a son, he prayed God to give them this blessing. And God heard his prayer, and there was great gladness in the house of the rich man when the little boy was born.

You may be sure that when he grew old enough to trot about his father loved to have him at his side. They were often seen together. When the rich man walked through his fields to look after his laborers, and see how his crops were growing, the little lad went with him. And his mother loved him no less. He was, to both of them, the greatest of all their treasures, and the thought of parting with him would have almost broken their hearts.

But one hot summer day, when the child was out in the fields watching the reapers as they cut down the golden corn, he cried to his father, 'My head! my head!' His father thought that the sun was too hot for him, so he told a boy to carry him back to the house. The boy carried him home, and his mother took him on her knee and nursed him tenderly; but he did not feel better, and when the noontide came the child was lying dead in his mother's arms.

What did the poor mother do?

She felt that only one person in the world could do anything to comfort her, and that she must go to him at once, and tell him of her sorrow, and perhaps he would pray to God for her. So she carried her little boy away to the room which was always kept in order for Elisha, and laid him upon the bed, and then she took a servant with her, and set out to visit the prophet.

When Elisha saw her coming, he felt sure that she was in trouble, and he sent his servant to meet her, and to ask, 'Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child?' and she answered, 'It is well,' because she knew that God always does what is kind and good, and although He had taken away her darling child, she would not murmur against His will. Elisha soon found out what had happened, and he went home at once with the poor mother.

Could he do anything for her? She believed that he could, for she knew that God answered his prayers, and gave him power to work miracles. And God saw that she had a faithful heart, and trusted in Him, and He listened to Elisha's prayers, so that the little boy's soul came back again to his body, and he was restored to his parents.—'Sunday Reading.'

Mischief Unawares.

The central attraction of a certain country toy-shop was a big india-rubber ball. Its smooth sides were brilliant with red and blue and green and yellow stripes, and the little children looked at it with deep affection as they passed and repassed to school.

One day, however, the ball was taken down, carried away, packed up in brown paper, and despatched by parcel post. The next morning when little Dickie Dover came pattering down to breakfast the big parcel lay on his plate.

Oh! what joy there was when Mother's clever fingers unfastened the string, and the big ball rolled out. Dickie screamed with delight when it ran away from him and hid itself under the sofa, and father had to bring his walking-stick to hook it out again.

Finally the big ball was put on the sideboard, and Dickie looked at it lovingly between each mouthful of bread and milk.

After breakfast Mother cleared all the plants out of the hall, and Dickie was free to toss his new ball as far and as high as he liked. He bounced it up the stairs, and watched it roll down, its colors looking ten times more glorious in the sunshine.

The front door stood wide open, and presently Dickie turned and looked pensively out into the shady garden. Suppose he threw the ball out there. No sooner thought of than done. He lifted the ball high above his head, and flung it out. Then he paused. The ball was bounding across the grass, where lay the pet donkey enjoying a rest, and that mischievous ball went straight for the donkey, and gave him a resounding slap on the ribs. The donkey was a little surprised, and he showed it by getting up rather quickly, and walking round and round the ball, which, so suddenly arrested, stood still, waiting for its owner to set it going again.

Dickie wanted his ball, but he was a trifle afraid of the donkey; so he approached cautiously and unhooked the donkey's tether, thinking, as he tried to explain in his own language afterwards, that the donkey would get out of the way. So he did. He trotted amiably to the gate, and through it, and down the lane, while Dickie, grasping his wandering plaything in both arms, followed in his wake.

Evidently the donkey enjoyed a ramble by himself, for he went on calmly and steadily down one lane after another, till he entered the High Street; and behind him came Dickie, without hat or attendant, but with the ball.

And so it came to pass that Dickie's father, coming out of the Bank, beheld his donkey sauntering down the street at its own sweet will; and then his eyes fell on his little son. At the same moment Dickie saw his father, and precipitated himself, ball and all, into his arms.

'Dobbin runned away!' he explained, feeling, oh! so happy and safe in those strong arms. 'Dobbin wouldn't listen when Dickie called him.'

Then Dobbin was caught, and Dickie rode home bare-backed, with his father's arm still round him; and when he and the precious ball were once more safely deposited at home, his father bent and kissed him.

'Don't go after Dobbin again, Dickie, even if he does run away; little boys are more precious than donkeys!'—'Our Darlings.'

Cent or Dimes.

A little boy eight years old opened his bank one day in the presence of his father, and counted his money as he arranged it in piles. There were fifteen cents in coppers, twenty-five cents in five-cent pieces, and one dollar in silver dimes.

'There!' exclaimed the boy, pushing aside the fifteen pennies, 'I'm goin' to give those to the missionary society.'

'Ah,' said the father, 'and what are you going to do with the silver?'

'Buy candy and peanuts for myself.'

The father looked steadily at the boy until the latter's face blushed.

'What's the matter, papa?' he asked.

'There is nothing the matter with me,' was the quiet answer.

'But there is with me — that's what you mean, I know. I'm a mean old pig—that's what I am, but I won't be any longer — so there!'

He put the pennies and nickles back in the bank, and doing up the silver dimes, he said:

'I'll give this pile to the missionaries, so I will.' And he did.—Ernest Gilmore.

Children Helpers.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With the light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have hardened into wood.

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.
—'Longfellow.'

Temperance Catechism.

INTRODUCTORY.

I. Why do we need Bands of Hope?

1. To instruct the children as to the danger of touching or tasting the intoxicating cup. 'Never Begin' is a good motto. 2. That they may be enrolled as total abstainers before appetite has gained any power over them. 3. That they may be able to give good reasons for not using liquor. 4. To awaken a sense of responsibility for their influence upon their playmates and friends.

II. Does not the teaching of hygiene in the schools do this?

No. The arguments used in the schools do not touch the moral or spiritual side of total abstinence.

III. Cannot children be taught without organization?

The liquor traffic is an organized evil. It must be met by counter organization. Union is strength. All reforms are brought about by union.

IV. What do you mean by a 'Mothers' Band of Hope?

We mean the child, or children in a family taught the lessons provided, by the mother of the family.

V. Could not two families unite?

Certainly, or three, if convenient.

VI. How often should they meet?

Once a week, if possible. It is repetition that tells.

VII. At what time should they meet?

At the time most convenient to those who organize the Band.

VIII. Should it last all through the year?

The winter months are the best.

IX. Do you advise appointing officers among the children?

Yes. Excepting the superintendent.

X. What officers are needed?

Superintendent, secretary and treasurer and organist.

XI. Would you give rewards?

Yes. For careful preparation and punctuality.

XII. To what purpose should money be devoted?

Any worthy object decided upon by the Band.

MOTHERS' BANDS OF HOPE.

Mrs. Sanderson recommends the following 'helps,' for mothers who are starting Bands of Hope in their own families.

MOTHERS' HELPS.

Picture Leaflets.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12, 14. Price, fifteen cents per hundred.

Purity Leaflets.—Nos. 4, 6, 7. One cent each.

Home Leaflets.—Nos. 7, 10. Two cents each.

National Leaflets.—Nos. 19, 204. One cent each.

Talks with a child. Two cents each.

Send to 56 Elm Street, Toronto.

A Word to Mothers.

There are few mothers in Canada who do not wish their children to know the evils of indulging in strong drink. Many parents, however, take for granted that children need no special teaching on this point. This is a great mistake. By line upon line and precept upon precept, children should be taught the insidious nature of alcohol and every effort should be made to arouse their young sympathies on the side of total abstinence. That they may be strong to resist temptation; that they may be ready to answer objections and influence others, and careful and continuous instruction is required. This should be the work of every Band of Hope, of every Loyal Legion, and of every Junior Christian Endeavor Society. Many families, however, are in places where this work is not being done effectively by any existing organization and the children will not get the necessary instruction unless the mother of the family herself takes up the work.

To meet this need the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Quebec, has started a department called 'Mother's Bands of Hope,' which provides pledge cards for mothers and for children and tells where other helps may be obtained. Mrs. Saunderson, of Danville, Que., provincial president for Quebec W. C. T. U., will be glad to answer questions with regard to it. The idea, however, is very simple. Any mother can gather her own children and their little playmates for an hour a week, and teach them the lessons provided. A set of lessons suitable for this purpose will be published in the 'Northern Messenger,' weekly (twenty cents a year in clubs of ten, and thirty cents for a single copy, John Dougall & Son, Montreal). The catechism can also be had separately from Mrs. Bascom, 56 Elm street, Toronto.

'What Franco needs is mothers,' said Napoleon Bonaparte, and what Canada needs in this crisis of its history is mothers. To the mothers, then, we appeal to take up this work with prayer and zeal.

Does any one ask, How shall we begin? First, make a careful study of the lesson, and then with the tact seldom denied to mothers, secure the interest and co-operation of the children. Tell them how much need there is of temperance workers in the world; that the giant intemperance is ruining the lives of thousands of men and women; that we can never hope to kill him if the boys and girls do not help. That one of the best ways to help is by learning all they can about the drink that causes intemperance, and by signing the pledge never to touch it. Decide when would be the best time to have the lesson, afternoon, evening, week-day or Sunday. Have a little opening and closing service; roll call with attendance and absence carefully marked. Read the report of previous meeting each week. These little details are dear to a child's heart, and give dignity to the proceedings. Little rewards for careful preparation are helpful. Be sure and include all the children. The very little ones can perceive and remember far more than they can express. These little meetings with song, and pledge, and story and prayer, may be the anchor to hold them safe in the storm and stress of life, when no longer sheltered and guarded by parental love.

Abuses of Tobacco.

(Band of Hope Prize Essay, by C. Alexander Philips, Montreal.)

Until within a few years the middle and part of the Southern States have been the chief tobacco raising regions of our country. Now, however, the cultivation of tobacco has spread, until many fertile valleys, even so far north as Canada, are devoted to the growth of 'the weed.' The plant reaches a height of several feet, and has large, spreading pale-green leaves, which are dried and then made into cigars, or prepared to be smoked in pipes, or chewed, or used as snuff. Tobacco, a powerful narcotic, contains a substance called nicotine. A single drop, if put on a dog's tongue, will soon kill the animal. An ordinary cigar contains enough nicotine to kill two men if taken pure.

One has to learn to like tobacco. Boys who try it know that at first it gives them a headache, dizziness and sickness at the stomach. Their poor bodies try to tell them that they are taking a poison if they keep on, the nicotine deadens their nerves so that they are more or less injured all the time. Many boys or young men learn to smoke by beginning with cigarettes. These seem harmless because they are so small; but they are one of the worst preparations of tobacco. The smoke of the paper wrappings is irritating to the lungs, and the cigarettes send more poisonous fumes into the delicate air-cells than a pipe or a cigar would do. Drinking men are almost always smokers, and almost every drunkard owes a ruined life and happiness to the appetite for narcotics formed by the use of tobacco and the company into which it led him. Old cigar stumps are often picked up off the streets and smoked or made into cigarettes. This is worse than disgusting, for in this way diseases may be spread, coming from the mouths of the first users. These stumps are the strongest part of the cigars, that is, they contain the most nicotine, which thus goes into the cigarettes. A boy who uses tobacco runs a risk of being dwarfed in body mind and soul, by becoming a nervous, sickly man with a weak memory and a feeble heart. Doctors say that many and serious troubles result from its use even by adults—it is certain that growing boys can never indulge in it in safety. An eminent doctor—dean of one of the leading medical colleges, says that young men who learn to smoke or chew tobacco, destroy on an average by so doing, one-fifth of the enjoyment and love and value, and at least, one-tenth of their lives. As with other narcotics, using a little makes one long for more. The boy who begins with one or two cigars a day soon increases the number. Many men who are now slaves to this poison would gladly be free from it, and very few tobacco users would advise their sons to adopt the expensive, uncleanly, and worse than useless habit. If a man earns a dollar a day and spends five cents a day on tobacco, what part of his earnings is thus worse than wasted on these narcotics? If he spends twenty cents a day on tobacco, what amount will be lost to the user in three months? How much will the expense of treating be likely to increase the amount one spends for tobacco? In whatever way tobacco may affect grown people it is very certain that if used in childhood, it stunts the bones and dwarfs the growth of the child. No boy who wants to become a full-grown, well-shaped man can afford to smoke or chew tobacco. Ringing sounds in the ear, partial deafness, sometimes result from the use of tobacco. A certain kind of blindness is caused by its use. Sores on the lips and even cancers sometimes result from the use of tobacco. The breath, foul and repulsive, shows the condition of the stomach, the tissues and the blood. The gums of chewers and smokers often become spongy, and their teeth are spoiled and dark, instead of being white and pure. The effect of the poison is to make the mouth dry, thus causing an extra amount of saliva to be poured out from the glands. But the constant spitting of tobacco juice robs one of the saliva needed for digestion, and thus brings on dyspepsia. Besides doing this harm to the user the habit of spitting is a very impolite one, it makes the floors and sidewalks unfit to walk on, and endangers the clothing of all who are near. A man who should spit directly at another would be thought very insulting. Is he respecting the rights of others though he may not intend to insult them when he sends the foul juice a little to one side or where they must tread at their next step. In many cases tobacco acts as the usher at the door of the saloon, because the dryness of the mouth which it produces makes the user thirsty; it cannot be satisfied by water, for the tobacco so affects the nerves as to make one crave another narcotic. Those in charge of inebriate asylums say that nearly all their patients have been tobacco users. As already said, the nicotine of tobacco is almost sure to cause sickness of the stomach and vomiting in those who are just beginning to use the poison. It injures the lining of the stomach, and the flow of the gastric juice, and in this manner seriously interferes with digestion. Dr. D. W. Richardson, says one who smokes a pipe is very likely to have dyspepsia. The effect of tobacco on the heart is much the same as that of alcohol. There is a form of disease of this organ which the doctors call tobacco heart.

LESSON X.—MAR. 6, 1898.

Jesus and the Sabbath.

Matt. xii., 1-13. Read the whole chapter. Memory verses 10-13.

Golden Text.

'The Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day,'—Matt. xii., 8.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xi., 2-19. — 'He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.'
T. Matt. xi., 20-30.—Warning and invitation.
W. Luke xix., 41-48.—'He beheld the city, and wept over it.'
Th. John v., 24-47.—'Whom he hath sent, him ye believe not.'
F. John i., 1-14.—'His own received him not.'
S. Phil. ii., 1-16.—Christ our example of humility.
S. I. John v., 1-21.—'His commandments are not grievous.'

Lesson Story.

One Sabbath day our Lord and his disciples were walking through a cornfield, and the disciples, being hungry, picked some ears of corn and began to eat them. But when the Pharisees saw what they were doing, they asked our Lord why he allowed his followers to do work which was forbidden on the Sabbath. He asked them if they had read what David had done when he and those who were with him were hungry, how he went into the temple and ate the shewbread which was only to be eaten by the priests, according to law. David's necessity was greater than the law. Also the priests in the temple had to work hard on the Sabbath, but they were blameless because they were working according to God's commands.

Then Jesus said, But in this place is one greater than the temple. If ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless. For the Son of man is Lord even of the Sabbath day.

Then Jesus went into a synagogue and there was a man who had his hand withered. They asked him if it were lawful to heal on the Sabbath day. He asked them if one of them had a sheep fall into a pit on the Sabbath day would they not try to lift it out? How much more worth effort is a man than a sheep? Then he said to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. The man did so and Jesus immediately healed it.

Lesson Hymn.

O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright:
On thee, the high and lowly,
Through ages join in tune,
Sing holy, holy, holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven,
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

New graces ever gaining,
From this, our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining,
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises,
To Thee, blest Three in One.
—Bishop Wordsworth.

Lesson Hints.

'Began to pluck the ears of corn'—this was not stealing as the law provided that any one who was hungry might pick and eat his neighbor's corn. (Deut. xxiii., 25.)

'That which is not lawful'—this referred to their rubbing the corn in their hands (Luke vi., 1.) which the Pharasees interpreted as threshing the corn. The Rabbinical law made many such interpretations wishing to carry the Mosaic law out to the farthest extremity of its letter, but leaving out altogether any consideration of its spirit. Jesus came to teach men to obey the spirit of the law, 'for the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life.' (II. Cor., iii., 6.)

'What David did'—(I. Sam. xxi., 6.)

'The shewbread'—(Lev. xxiv., 5-9.)

'In bible study mechanical exercise is little; soul inspiration is everything. The living word (John i., 1) is more than the written word. To read prayerfully (Psa. cxix., 18); receptively (Acts xvii., 11.); understandingly (Ne. viii., 8); appreciatively (Job xxiii., 12); and with faith (Rom. iv., 20, 21); seeing Christ in every history, biography, ceremony and prophecy (Luke. xxiv., 27, 44), is to find nourishment (I. Pet. ii., 2); guidance (Psa. cxix., 105); blessing (Luke xi., 28); rejoicing (Jer. xv., 16); and comfort (I. Thess. iv., 18).' — A. C. M., in 'Practical Comment.'

'In the temple'—the priests had to do a good deal of work in offering the sacrifices, replacing the shewbread, and performing other duties. It was necessary that they should do these things so that all the people could spend the Sabbath in rest and worship as they were commanded.

'Greater than the temple'—the Son of God in whose honor the temple was built.'

'Mercy, not sacrifice'—real love to God begets love and mercy to our fellow men, sacrifice without love counts for nothing. 'If I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing.' (I. Cor. xiii., 3, R.V.).

Primary Lesson.

'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.'

That is one of the Ten Commandments that God gave his people long, long ago.

Being holy does not mean going to Church on Sunday because we have to, or because other people do, or because we like to see the other people there. We should go to church because it pleases God to have us worship him in this way. We should go to church to meet Jesus and worship him there and talk with him. The hymns we sing are our offerings of praise to Jesus, we must remember that while we are singing. Jesus loves to hear us reverently singing praise to him.

Holiness does not mean doing things that we do not want to do, just because they are right. Holiness means doing the right things, the things that please Jesus just because we love Jesus so much that we love to please him in every way. Holiness means love to God.

How shall we keep Sunday holy? We must ask Jesus to teach us to love his holy day. We must listen to what he has to say to us through his holy word. We must remember through the week to get all our work done, learn our lessons, and see that all our buttons are sewed on ready for Sunday.

Sometimes on Sunday we can help others with their work so that they may have more time to rest and worship God. We must not do any unnecessary work, nor play. But we must do little works of mercy and love and be happy in Jesus.

'This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it.'

Suggested Hymns.

'Safely through another week,' 'Pleasant are thy courts above,' 'This is the day the Lord hath made,' 'Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,' 'March on, march on,' 'Yield not to temptation.'

The Lesson Illustrated.

The field is the world, and with North America on it you can make the application more personal, getting one of the scholars to show whereabouts on the map your school is, later speaking of the special tares in that part of the world.

The tare is a grass almost identical in appearance with the wheat, until the harvest when they are easily distinguished. The tares are then taller than the wheat, with different shaped heads bearing small, black poisonous grains, which must always be carefully picked out, and for fear of sowing themselves again are carefully burned.

Thus the servants who might make mistakes and pull up wheat if they went to work when the plants were young and alike (a lesson in tolerance here), can easily separate the two at harvest, when the good are gathered and the evil burned. But God can

make human tares into good wheat, and longs to do so.

Practical Points.

MARCH 6.—Matt. xii., 1-13.

A. H. CAMERON.

'There's a wideness in God's mercy like the wideness of the sea,' 'but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.' The pharisees showed their ignorance of the law in Deuteronomy xxiii., 25. Verses 1,2. Jesus never prohibited any one from doing work of necessity or mercy on the Sabbath day. He knew how highly the Jews reverenced David, hence his reference to that famous king. Verses 3, 4, The Sabbath is never profaned by doing God's will, however irksome it may seem to us. Jesus is infinitely greater than any building dedicated to his worship. Verses 5, 6. God's grace cannot be measured nor his mercies counted, nor his love weighed in a balance. If Jesus is our Lord we shall own him Lord of the Sabbath also. Verses 7,8. Fault-finders are found wherever Christian workers abound. Verses 9, 10. Jesus replied to the Pharisees' cowardly attack both by word and deed. His argument for mercy they could not confute, and the healed man was a living epistle they dare not read. Verse 11-13.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

Feb. 27.—Getting close to Christ.—Luke x., 38-42; John xvii., 20-26.

Make Haste—Come Down To-Day.

Make haste! Who calls the sinner thus;
And bids him not delay?
Make haste! It is the Saviour's voice,
Oh, hearken while you may;
Nor let the call unheeded be,
Make haste—come down—to-day.

Come down! He waits to be your guest,
And will you say him nay?
Come down! Or will you let him pass,
Without a word away?
Come down! The precious moment flies,
Make haste—come down—to-day.

To-day! The Saviour pardon gives,
You need it, for it pray,
To-day! He calls for you to come,
And will you not obey?
To-day! He may not call again,
Make haste—come down—to-day.
—'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

In a large city Sunday-school 'booklet' souvenirs were given to the scholars who furnished a correct list of 'Nine Simons in the New Testament,' in connection with a recent lesson. It did not mean that the bible was looked upon as a puzzle-book for childish amusement, but it was a recognition of the positive value there is in making young people acquainted with methods of bible search, the use of references and concordance, and familiar handling of the book. Giving out special questions for special search may, perhaps, be made more effective in the class than in the whole school; for the teacher can suit his questions to the capacity and experience of his scholars.—'Sunday-school Times.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Cold Homes and Their Effect Upon the Rising Generation.

'My boys never seem to want to go out of evenings. I sometimes wish they were not such stay-at-homes,' said the happy mother of half a dozen of them. 'I'll tell ye why they don't,' said a bright-eyed lad of fourteen, who was, at the moment a guest in the house. 'There is always plenty of room, plenty of light, plenty to eat, and a good fire, A boy is like a cat, happiest when near a good fire. In many places where the boys go there is only a single lamp in the room, and that, maybe, is partly taken up by the father, who is reading, and must not be disturbed. The fire isn't very good, the rooms are cold, and sometimes the boys play games to get warm. Rooms should be 'toasty' warm, and there should be a light in every corner, and the lamps fastened to the wall, which is a great thing for boys. No accidents, you know. I sometimes think boys cannot help being boisterous and romping a little, and it is such a comfort to know that they are not going to set the house on fire or risk somebody's life. If a few families in every neighborhood could only understand what it means to the boys to have a nice, warm, light place, where they must be gentlemen in order to be admitted, I am sure they would banish cold and darkness, and never would fill their houses with gloom and shadow.'

There is nothing in this world-wide creation half so well worth saving as the boys and girls. And it is a sad truth that there are few valuable commodities that are so very badly cared for.

The time is coming, however, when they will be looked after and duly appreciated, and when good and intelligent men and women of all creeds, classes and climes will understand that it is a great deal easier to train a twig than to bend a tree. They will learn that it is altogether more practical and practicable to give boys a chance to grow up in the right way than it is to furnish houses to reform them after they have grown up wicked and depraved.

Every school-house in the land might be always open and be a general meeting-place for young people, where light, warmth, good cheer, and a hearty welcome would await them.

Imagine a community of young people brought up with a pleasant meeting-place where they could spend their spare time in chatter, music, games, and the society of bright and intelligent people. A lecture this evening, a reading to-morrow afternoon, a stereopticon talk and views next week ,and all along through the year incidents and things to look forward to, something to make the time pass agreeably, and to brighten the daily life of young people, to whom a dull workaday world is monotonous and dispiriting.

Children and youth have not the strength of purpose or the understanding which will enable them to work without incentive. Indeed, their elders are quite likely to do much better if there is something to look forward to, something to cheer and encourage them.

And if there were not who would wilfully remain blind to the great advantages to be derived from placing before growing children and boys and girls all of those advantages that make them brighter, better, clearer-headed, warmer-hearted, and more intelligent men and women, more capable of filling their allotted places in the world, and infinitely better equipped to be the ancestors of the generations to come.—N.Y. 'Ledger.'

Selected Recipes.

Venoise Pudding.—Five ounces of breadcrumbs, four ounces of sugar, three ounces of raisins, two ounces of citron, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one half-pint of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one ounce of brown sugar. Add the milk to this, pour over the yolks, add the vanilla last, and steam one hour and twenty minutes.

Egg Puffs.—Soften a tablespoonful of butter to a creamy consistency by working it with a fork; beat three eggs to a froth and add them to the butter; add a level teaspoonful of salt, and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Beat all these ingredients together until they foam, then put them into buttered earthen cups or small tin pans, and bake in a hot oven for half an hour, or until they are cooked through and nicely browned.

SEEDS

The publishers have again completed arrangements with one of the oldest and best seed houses in the Dominion to supply the 'Witness' collection of seeds for 1898 which were so popular last year with 'Messenger' subscribers. The seeds have been carefully selected as most suitable for all parts of the Dominion. No packages can be exchanged from one collection to another.

Offer No. 1.

The Farm Garden Collection.

To secure this collection of seeds free send list of ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 30c each.

	cents.
Beans, Mammoth Wax or Butter	.05
Beans, Wardwell's Kidney Wax	.05
Beet, extra early Intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Cabbage, Premium flat Dutch	.05
Carrot, early horn	.05
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, Impd, long green	.05
Corn, sweet, early market	.10
Corn, sweet, evergreen	.05
Lettuce, Nonpareil	.05
Musk Melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected yellow Danvers	.05
Onion, Silverskin, pickling	.05
Peas, new Queen	.10
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, Triple Curled	.05
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Radish, half-long Scarlet	.05
Pepper, long Red	.05
Spinach, long standing	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Squash, Vegetable Marrow	.05
Tomato, New Canada	.10
Turnip, Early White Stone	.05
Turnip, Purple Top, Swede	.05
Sage	.05
Summer Savory	.05
Total	$1.75

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a packet of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis, price 20c.

The Farm Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 75c, or with 'Messenger, one year, 70c.

Offer No. 2.

The Kitchen Garden Collection.

Five subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 30 cents each secures this collection free.

	cents.
Beans, Mamoth Red German Wax	.05
Beet, extra early intermediate	.05
Cabbage, first and best	.10
Carrot, half long Scarlet Nantes	.05
Cucumber, improved long green	.05
Corn, sweet early market	.10
Lettuce, Nonparell	.05
Musk melon, earliest of all	.10
Onion, selected, Yellow Danvers	.05
Parsnip, New Intermediate	.10
Parsley, triple curled	.05
Peas, New Queen	.10
Radish, Olive Gem, white tipped	.05
Squash, Hubbard Winter	.05
Tomtao, new, Canada	.10
Turnip, early stone	.05
Total	$1.10

In addition to the above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of New Giant Chilian Salpiglossis price, twenty cents.

The Kitchen Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c, or with 'Messenger' one year, 70c.

Offer No. 3.

The Flower Garden Collection.

Send five subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure offer No. 3 free.

	cents.
Aster, giant flowering, mixed colors.	15
Sweet Mignonette	.05
Pansy, new giant flowering, mixed	.10
Zinnia, mamoth double, all colors	.10
Nasturtium, tall, mixed	.05
Portulaca	.05
Candytuft, all colors	05
Morning Glory	.05
Pinks, Double, China	.05
Balsam, Improved double mixed	.10
Marvel of Peru	.05
Verbena, mammoth flowering	.10
Stocks, large flowering, ten weeks	.10
Sweet Peas, the finest selection	.10
Phlox Drummondi, all colors	.05
Petunia, finest, all colors and shades	.10
Total	$1.25

In addition to above, an excellent novelty will be included free, consisting of a package of new Giant Chilian Salpiglossis; price, twenty cents.

The Flower Garden Collection to 'Messenger' Subscribers, post-paid, 45c or with 'Messenger' one year, one dollar.

ADDRESS

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
'Witness' Office, Montreal.

NORTHERN MESSENGER.

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more to different addresses, 25c each.

Ten or more to one address, 20c each.

When addressed to Montreal City, Great Britain and Postal Union countries, 52c postage must be added for each copy; United States and Canada free of postage. Special arrangements will be made for delivering packages of 10 or more in Montreal. Subscribers residing in the United States can remit by Post Office Money Order on Rouses Point, N.Y. or Express Money Order payable in Montreal.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ferry's SEEDS

grow paying crops because they're fresh and always the best. For sale everywhere. Refuse substitutes. Stick to Ferry's Seeds and prosper. 1898 Seed Annual free. Write for it.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Windsor, Ont.

DO you want a paper to give an honest and intelligent opinion on every question, free from any personal, partisan or financial influence.

YOU can depend upon the WITNESS to think before it speaks and to speak out what it thinks. While it continues to

TAKE the foremost place as a vehicle of news, it is one of the very few papers that keep their columns free from injurious reading and advertisements.

THE WITNESS is the people's paper. It champions every good cause and aims to be under all circumstances a

WITNESS for truth and righteousness. It gives well arranged news, carefully selected reading, plentiful illustrations, reliable market reports, and answers to questions on all subjects.

THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

EPPS'S

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING

COCOA

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER.

HOME STUDY FOR BUSINESS We teach Book-keeping, Business Forms, Penmanship, Com'l Law, Letter Writing, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. thoroughly by MAIL at your own HOME. Success guaranteed every earnest student. We give a useful, Money Making Education which leads to a good paying position. A ten years' success. Highly endorsed. It will pay you. Try it. Catalog free. BRYANT & STRATTON, Trial lesson 10c. 657 College Bldg. Buffalo, N.Y.

YOUR NAME nicely printed on 30 Rich Gold Edge, Fancy Shape, Silk Fringed Envelope Cards, Florals, &c., Cards. This Gold Plated Ring and a 25c present all for 10c. Samples, outfit and private terms to Agents, 3c. Address STAR CARD CO., Knowlton, P. Q.

USE BABY'S OWN SOAP

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'